

No idea

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Category: Four Brothers

Language: English

Characters: Bobby M., Jack M.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-11 13:11:10

Updated: 2016-04-11 13:11:10

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:55:00

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,159

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Jack is doing odd jobs for Evelyn, but likes to wind Bobby up. One night he's called out on his staring at the oldest Mercer. BobbyXJack. AU. Jack isn't a Mercer.

No idea

"What!?" Bobby snapped as he swung the front door open. Who the hell needed to bang so loud on someone's door at. . .oh, it was already eleven am. Well, there was still no need to be so fucking loud. "Uh, what'd you want?"

The eldest Mercer looked at the person â€"no, kid- standing on his front porch; he was tall, a good few inches more so than him, and skinny but leanly built with a mop of messy dirty blond hair and big too blue eyes. Whoa, he was beau-no. He wasn't even going to go there.

"'M here to paint the shed."

"Erm, what?" Bobby frowned; he was really confused. It was way too early for this shit. He just stared at the kid.

"I'm here to paint. The. Shed." He said slowly so that Bobby could understand. "You must be Bobby -Evelyn said you weren't too bright."

He snapped out of his confused state and almost growled out, "What the hell d' you say!" He reached out and fisted his hand in the kid's t-shirt, pulling him close and scowling at him. What the hell? The kid was smirking at him.

"Bobby!"

The kid's smirk widened.

Evelyn swatted her oldest son's head. "You let go of Jack

now!"

Bobby watched the kid "Jack- as he stared at him, the smirk on his face growing even wider. His scowl deepened but he let him go, shoving him slightly as he did. "You know this little shit, Ma?"

Evelyn swatted him again. "Don't be so rude, Jack is here to help out."

"Yeah, \_Bobby\_, I'm here to help." Jack smiled.

He wanted to smack that cocky smile right off the kid's face. "Help with what?" He turned to his mother, trying to ignore the little shit that was watching him and smiling; what the hell was his problem!?

"Painting. The. Shed."

"Listen y' little twat-," Bobby started but was cut off as he was swatted around the back of the head again. "Ma' knock it off."

Evelyn smiled at Jack as she ignored her son. "Come on in, Jack, I'll show you to the back yard."

"Okay, thanks, Ms Mercer."

Bobby watched Jack smile. . .and it was a nice smile, not his cocky or smirking one that he'd been giving him. "Ma', what the fuck?" He practically snapped as his Mother came back into the house, leaving the back door open for the kid to come in and out as he pleased.

"Language."

Bobby sighed. "Why y' got a kid 'round to do that shit for? I could do it."

His Mother laughed. "I've been asking you to paint the shed for weeks Bobby,"

"I was gettin' round t' it."

"Of course you were."

He sighed again and shook his head. "I'm goin' out." He got up and started down the hall checking the clothes he'd fallen asleep in were okay "they were. He was putting his shoes on when his Ma' stood at the kitchen door and said,

"Bobby, Jack's going to be around for a little while. . .so be nice to him, he's a good kid."

"He's a little shit, Ma'." He grabbed his car keys and left before his mother could say anything else. It really was too damn early for this shit.

\* \* \*

><p>It had been a few weeks since Jack had started doing odd jobs at the Mercer's house. He liked Evelyn, she was a kind woman. Hell, he even liked her sons. . .especially Bobby. He liked to tease the oldest Mercer, and by tease he meant annoy and wind up. He had gotten pretty good at it actually, all he had to do was say the man's name a certain way and he was frowning and practically growling at him.<p>

He'd found himself looking for more stuff to fix, just so he could keep going around. He liked it there, much better than he did at his own 'home'.

Jack knocked on the door onceâ€|and walked in.

"What the fuck are you doin' here at this time?"

Jack smirked; he hadn't even tried yet and Bobby was annoyed with him. He walked into the living room â€"still smirking- and noticed the empty beer cans on the table. "I take it Ev is out." He'd noticed Bobby liked to drink more when Evelyn was out of town. He started picking the cans up, one. . .two. . .three. . .four cans, he was a little worried to see how many were on the floor in front of the sofa.

"What're y' doing here Jackie?" Bobby asked and Jack was a little surprised he still sounded sober, maybe there weren't many cans on the floor.

"Told your Mom I'd fix the sink in the bathroom. . ." He muttered and heard Bobby sigh angrily before he muted the game on the tv â€"even Jack knew that meant there was something bugging the oldest Mercer.

"Why're y' here at this time?"

"I told your Mom last time she went out of town that I'd drop in and check on you. Think she worries you're gonna get up to no good or something."

Bobby scoffed; he'd not been in any real trouble for a good few months now. He was been good. . .for the most part anyway.

Jack chucked the empty cans into the little bin near the living room door before turning and watching Bobby. He liked to watch Bobby. He had been caught by the older man a few times, but he never yelled at Jack or called him names for it. Vaguely Jack wondered why. Surely someone like the Michigan-Mauler didn't like been watched by a seventeen year old guy, so why didn't he get mad?

Because Bobby got mad at him quite a bit and called him names â€"both joking around and been mean to him, but still even somewhat jokingly- but never when he caught him looking at him. And he had even been caught staring when Bobby had left the bathroom in nothing but his boxers, though it wasn't like Jack had been hiding and waiting to catch the oldest Mercer â€"he wasn't some kind of stalker pervert weirdo. It just happened Jack had been walking up the stairs at the same time he had left the bathroom but still. . .he couldn't take his eyes of the man. And Bobby had just stood there, looking at him for a few moments before walking off.

"Y' doing it again."

"Doing what?"

The oldest Mercer scoffed and shook his head. "Staring at me. You know I've seen y' doing it, so why be so obvious 'bout it."

Crap. What was he supposed to say to that? He stood there thinking for a moment. He doubted Bobby would want him around anymore, now that he'd called him out on his watching, so he probably wouldn't be coming around after tonight anyway, so he might as well just say it. . .right? "Why don't you get mad at me for it?" Or not, deflecting could work better.

He watched as Bobby went to take a drink out of the can in his hand, but stopped just before it got to his lips. . .and put it down on the coffee table. What was that about? Oh. Bobby was probably going to beat him up now, he realised as the Mercer walked over to him. Despite what he had heard about the Mercers, he had never seen Bobby â€"or Angel and Jerry- so much as raise their fists, nerve mind actually hit anyone. Jack wanted to back away, but he couldn't. Something was making him stay stuck in place. . .maybe he liked Bobby more than he first thought, but he was already someone's punching bag he wasn't going to be Bobby's, no matter how much he liked him.

"Answer the fuckin' question, Jackie." Bobby said as he stopped in front of the kid, his body almost touching the skinny one in front of him.

Jack breathed in deeper than he'd meant to and just watched Bobby looking at him. He could feel his cheeks heating up. ". . .I like you. You're kind o' mean and easy to wind up and even though you don't like me, you're not nasty to me. . .sometimes you're even kind o' nice. I don't mean to stare at you, 'specially not as much as I do, it just happens but still, you're never mean about it and you've never hit me for it either."

\_ 'So please don't start now.' \_He thought.

"Y' kind of annoying, y' know that." Bobby watched Jack nod and then there was a loud bang on the door. "Ignore it. Why d' y' think I don't get mad about it?" There was another knock â€"more of a bang- on the door.

Jack looked towards the door; who would be banging on the Mercer's door at nearly eleven at night? "Maybe I should get the door. .  
."

"Answer the damn the question, Jackie." Bobby all but snapped as he grabbed Jack's face and made him look back at him.

"I. . .I-I don't know." He watched as Bobby's expression changed from an annoyed one to an almost sad one. He didn't understand why. But it didn't matter as the door suddenly swung open, slamming into the wall. "Oh shit."

"I told you not to come here anymore!" The man yelled and then looked at how close Jack and Bobby were standing together. "I knew it. I knew y' weren't working, you lying little bastard!"

"Who the fuck do you think-,"

No, he couldn't let Bobby anywhere near him. Jack placed his hand on Bobby's chest making him stop in his tracks. He fisted the shirt in his hand desperately. He couldn't let Bobby get hurt. "Don't." He let go of Bobby's shirt and stepped forward, almost like he was standing in between the two men. "I am here working, Dad, I told you that's what I was doing here. That's all."

"Dad?" Bobby looked at the guy standing in his house and frowned angrily; the man was clearly drunk and probably on something too by the look of him.

Jack turned his head to look at the oldest Mercer. "Y-yeah, this is my dad." Before he could say anything he felt the familiar hand grip in his hair just before he started been dragged towards the door. "Dad, p-please, I wasn't doing anything."

"Exactly! Y' supposed t' be out working, I need the money!"

It was pretty obvious this was who had put the bruises on Jack's back the other week-

\_Bobby stood at the back door, he told himself he was making sure the kid was doing the job right and not because he just wanted to see him. Though that was a little hard to do when Jack dropped his t-shirt on the grass, wiping the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. \_

\_ His eyes trailed the tall, slender body. . .that was covered in bruises, old and new. "Hey, what happened to you?" He asked, trying to sound like he was just asking for the sake of it. . .rather than because he cared. \_

\_Jack jumped at the sudden interruption. "Didn't know you were there. Fell down. I do it a lot, I'm \_very\_ clumsy." \_

\_Bobby scoffed. "Sure y' are, y' fairy." \_

He had known Jack was lying but what could he do if he didn't tell him what had really happened? But it was clear enough now, he had all the proof he needed. He moved quickly, grabbing the man's wrist and twisting it, hard. As soon as his hand let go of Jackie's hair, Bobby shoved the kid away from them and twisted the guy's arm behind his back and slammed him into the wall, making sure it hurt. A lot. "What gives you the right to grab him like that?"

"He belongs to me. He shouldn't be such a disobedient little bastard!"

"Wrong answer, asshole." He pulled Jacks 'Dad' away from the wall only to slam him into it again, this time making sure he went face first. Blood splattered on the wall. Good, he'd bust his nose. He used his free arm to pin the guy against the wall even more and in a threatening tone, said, "Now, y' goin' t' listen to me, and you're gonna listen good."

"If you \_ever\_ go anywhere near him again, if you see him in the street and look at him, if you so much as \_think\_ about him. . .I'll

kill you." Bobby pressed the guy against the wall harder to add affect to his words.

"B-Bobby. . ." Jack all but whispered. Why was Bobby doing this for him? He knew Bobby had been told to be nice to him by his Mother but that couldn't be why he was doing this for him.

\_ "Why d' y' think I don't get mad about it?" \_

Wait, what had Bobby meant by that? He didn't have chance to think about it â€"his dad swung his head back and collided with Bobby's face, taking the Mercer by surprise. Jack watched as Bobby stumbled back holding his nose and swearing. And then his dad's hand was in his hair again, ragging him down so he could knee him in the stomach. He let out a pained noise â€"he was used to not shouting or yelping out in pain anymore.

He looked up awkwardly at his father. "Dad, please, I'll come home okay, just stop it."

His father let out an angry noise and pulled his fist back, ready to slam it into Jack's face.

"What the fuck did I say!?" Bobby yelled, grabbing the guy's arm â€"that was about to hit Jackie- and pulled it back.

All three of them heard the crack and then his father howled in pain.

"He's not going anywhere with you." Bobby yelled and practically threw him towards the door. "Not now." He slammed his fist into the guy's face. "Not ever." He punched him again.

"He belongs to me!" The guy said as he grabbed the door frame, steadying himself. He scowled at Bobby.

"Wrong. He's mine now." Bobby punched him in the face again â€"feeling his nose break- before he kicked him with enough force to knock him backwards, smirking as he tumbled down the porch steps. "You come near Jackie or my house again, I'll kill you." He watched as the man did a cross between crawling and running away, shouting something about how he'd be back for Jack. Yeah, he'd like to see the bastard try. He slammed the door shut.

"Your Dad's a real piece of work Jackie-boy."

"He's not my Dad. He just makes me call him that so when the social worker comes around it looks like I'm happy there."

Huh, so that was why his Ma' had let the kid come around all the time, making it look like he was helping out. "So you're in the system, eh." He said and knelt down looking at Jack, he looked so tired. . .and worried. "You know we were too right?"

"Yeah, Ev, mentioned it once. I asked her why she only kept you and your brothers."

"What'd she say?"

"That you boys were the only ones she loved so much she couldn't bear

the thought of you all calling someone else Mom."

Bobby smiled and chuckled. "Sounds 'bout right. Also, we were all really messed up. . .still are in some ways."

Jack looked down, he understood what Bobby was saying but he couldn't bring himself to ask what had happened to him before he became Evelyn's son. He looked back up at the older man, only just now noticing his bottom lip was busted and there was a line of blood dripping from his nose. He reached his hand out without thinking and wiped at the blood with his thumb, his fingers touching Bobby's cheek.

After a moment he pulled away quickly, his cheeks pink.  
"S-sorry."

"'S okay."

"No, it's not. I'm sorry he hurt you. I'm sorry he came here. What if he comes back. . .shit, what if he comes back when Evelyn's home alone, what if-,"

Bobby took hold of Jack's face, smiling a little when Jack immediately stopped talking. "'S not your fault. He won't dare come back here." He leaned in close, pressing his forehead to the kid's.  
"I'm sorry he hurt you."

Jack gave him a self-deprecating smile. "It's okay, I'm used to it."

That hurt. . .but it made him more angry than anything. He should go find that bastard and finish him off for ever laying his hands on Jack. "I won't let him hurt you ever again."

"Why?" Jack asked. "I don't understand why you helped me."

Bobby smirked at him. "Jackie, y' wan' t' know why I don't go mad when you watch me?" Jack nodded. "Because I watch you too." He watched as Jack's eyes widened, shocked. And then after only a few moments it was Bobby's eyes that widened in surprise as Jack's mouth pressed against his. It was a little clumsy but he pressed back and fisted his hand in the kid's dirty blond hair.

He had wanted to kiss Jack for a while now. . .but he couldn't rack up the nerves to do it. He was glad the kid had made the first move; at least that showed Jackie did actually like him.

Jack pulled away, smiling. "I wasn't sure you liked me at all, never mind like this."

"Oh yeah? All you've done since you got here is wind me up," Bobby laughed. "it's a good job I caught you watching me, otherwise I'd o' thought y' hated me."

"Sorry," Jack chuckled. "your Mom had told me about you and then when I say you, you were hotter than I imaged, so I couldn't help but wind you up. It's just something I do if I like someone, I don't even mean to half o' the time."

"Then I guess y' must really fuckin' like me."

"You have no idea."

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><p>Thanks for reading!<p>

It's not brilliant but just trying to get back to writing, I'm finding it a little hard to be honest : /

End  
file.